

The Demon's Hunter

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The Demon's Hunter by **Claudette**

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Summary:

Years later, Pennywise was sent from the Darkness to feed on the fears of much older humans. But for a woman named Sophie- who has encountered Pennywise years ago- she has made it her mission to stop him.

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Author's Note:

After watching the remake I just had to write something! Bill's performance is beyond amazing and hope that you all enjoy this short fanfic as much as I had fun writing it.

It was just another day, another day pretending to live a normal life whilst battling a demon who has been around for so many years. Sophie's life of 'normalcy' was supported by a mundane full time job alongside a lifelong job as a demon hunter. Of course, she never wanted this, but....a run in with the Loser's Club as a kid made her determined to help rid of the evil who has plagued the small town for hundreds of years. How has she survived? Sophie's skin became thick as time passed by, unafraid of the tricks and games Pennywise loved to play. She became his favorite. While she was bent on destroying him, he was determined to make her fear him. A red balloon popped up at the mailbox. Getting out of her car, Sophie glared at it and walked slowly down the driveway to retrieve it.

"You Son of a Bitch" she seethed between tight lips. Pulling it off the flag of her mailbox, Sophie released it into the air carelessly, watching it float up and away.

"Fuck off" she threatened.

"Awwww well you're no fun"

Whipping around to the tree in front of her home, she found Pennywise's human form leaning against it with an amused expression. It boiled her blood and she made her way to him.

"Get some new material Penny, it must be tiresome to keep pulling balloons out of your ass just to get a few gasps out of your prey". Sophie smirked as she watched his smile fall. Stepping even closer to him, she came close to his face, "We've been dancing for years, but that still doesn't make you invincible".

She could see his eyes turn slightly yellow at her words, clear indication that she was beginning to piss him off already. But as quick as they turned, the color disappeared and once again he was smiling. Towering over her much smaller form he looked down at her lips and then to her eyes.

"Ooooooh Sophie" he chuckled, "You should know that I LOVE to dance". Penny grabbed for the silver bullet hanging around her neck on a string and ripped it off. He growled as it burned his hand before tossing it afar.

It took her by shock but it was only an old bullet from years ago which nearly killed him for good. In present time, she knew she was going to need to construct something much stronger.

He glared at her as he walked her back against the tree. Chest to chest, he bent forward and smelled her.

Twisting his face in disappointment he went, "Hmpf, no fear...no surprise there...but..." his voice became threatening as one of his hands came up to caress the side of her face, "soon...you'll grow old and too tired to dance and when that time comes I will enjoy feasting on everyone you love around you"

A chill ran through Sophie's body as a flash of this fear appeared in her mind. Just then, his lips curled. "There it is, ohh that sweet smell" he looked down at her with heavy eyelids. Gripping her chin tightly he leaned down to smell the side of her neck, "Your fear always smelled the best". With that chilling voice he took her by surprise by catching her lips roughly. Sophie's eyes widened in realization and in anger bit his bottom lip until she tasted blood.

Ripping away with a grunt, Penny touched his lip and stared at the blood on his fingers. Slowly his head lifted to look at her. She was panting and unsure of what was going through his mind but the look he was giving her was utterly terrifying. Charging forward with a growl Sophie lifted her arms and threw a few good punches which he blocked and eventually caught her arm. Throwing her back against the trunk of the tree, he dove for her lips once more and fought her hands as he hungrily shoved his tongue between her swollen lips. He was making her taste the blood she drew from him. Fighting his grip,

he gripped both of her hands and she groaned at the discomfort.

Breaking apart from her, he heard her gasp for air and smiled devilishly. His eyes were horrifyingly yellow, just like the Pennywise of years back. Even in human form he was still every bit the clown.

Spitting the blood mixed saliva from her mouth, Sophie spoke, "I will kill you...maybe not today, nor tomorrow, but you won't live long enough to see me perish"

He laughed, a small trickle of blood escaping his bottom lip. Showing his sharp teeth in a smile he said , "We'll see about that". Walking away calmly, Sophie just stared at his back until he disappeared.



Author's Note:

Part 2: Penny returns to Sophie at night in her own home. Ratings may go up.